

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department.

Rules for Young Writers.

- 1—Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
- 2—Use pen and ink, not pencil.
- 3—Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 150 words.
- 4—Original stories or letters only will be used.
- 5—Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

WIDE-AWAKE POETRY.

The Harmony Four.

Woe Dill Mother sat with her flock of four.

At the close of the Christmas Day.

And soon, in a low and dejected voice.

We heard little Dill Mother say:

"You must all say your prayers and go to bed."

As good little dolls should do.

For she, I have worried all whole day long

At all on account of you!

"The ever one's come and ever one's said

What sweet little dolls, go what!

And then they've all whispered an ask to know

What all of your names are?

"You can't got no names, they ought to know."

"Gee, you only come last night,

but when you're christened I bet they say

I ain't never named you right."

"For I've got no many relations, you see—

Aunt Mary, Aunt Kate and Aunt Edna;

Aunt Mary, Aunt Jane—an all of 'em

ought to be named for them!

"But I've about nearly made up my mind

What I am going to name you."

Instead of relations I'll take your choir

—I give all their names to you."

"Now when you grow up you'll sing happy songs."

Have music all over the place.

I'll call one Soprano, one Tenor will be—

The other two Alto and Bass!"

—William Hershell, in Indianapolis News.

DEAR JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

We are on the threshold of a new year.

The old one is nearly gone. Naturally it

is a time for reflections. Are we going

to do things any differently in 1921 than

we have in 1920? Are we going to make

the most of our opportunities?

Someone has said that he who trusts

to look for success is apt to fail. It is

all too true, for success is built of more

lasting material. It never "just hap-

pens." If you and the world don't seem

exactly fitted to each other, just realize

that the making over of the world is too

big a job to tackle single handed. It is

safer to undertake the job of remodeling

yourself. The world will do its part but

the elements of your success or failure are

within you.

You can try as you will, but you will

not alter the world or its ways, but you

can so guide your efforts that they will

better fit in, and work thereby to the bet-

terment of self and others. Put your

shoulder to the wheel and things will

move. Start the new year with the de-

termination that whatever you undertake,

whether it is games, lessons, errands or

other tasks, you will do them with a will,

do them with the idea of accomplishing

something and with the fact in mind that

the maximum of energy and intellect

rightly applied can overcome great obsta-

cles and accomplish most anything.

You have probably heard of some peo-

ple, or perhaps know some, who make a

practice of doing the least possible—

slighting their job. There is always room

at the top of the ladder of success. So

don't ever be afraid of being bigger than

your job. Why wouldn't that be a good

reason for the next twelve months?

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Diana Dotson of Glasgow—Betty the

Scotch.

2—Catherine McVeigh of Norwich—

Winning the War Cross.

3—Myra Boguslofsky of New London—

With Farming in France.

4—Almira Bernier of Danielson—Hunt-

ing Down the Fox.

5—Daniel Mack of Norwich—The Boy

Scout's Defense.

6—May Barnes of Norwich—Winning

in the Air.

7—Anastasia Perrone of Norwich—The

Cambridge Girls on the March.

8—Alice K. Brown of Eastville—Little

Emily's Baby Dimples.

Winners of prize books living in the

city can obtain them by calling on The

Bulletin business office after 10 a. m. on

Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

All readers of Norwich: I wish to thank

you very much for the book you gave me

entitled "The Hero of the Maine." It is

very interesting.

Edna K. Foster of Windham: I re-

ceived my book and I thank you for it.

It is an interesting book.

Allice Tracy of Putnam: I received the

book you sent me and thank you very

much for it. I have read it and like it.

I enjoy reading what the children write.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Story of an Elephant and a Tiger.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once upon a time

there lived in Africa a woman and her

little child. Every day the child went

with her and went into the forest to

tap the rubber tree.

One very hot day she sat the baby in

a large tree while she worked. She

turned around to see if the child was

in danger (for you know there are

many fierce beasts in Africa), when what

should she see but an elephant ap-

proaching her child. She watched in si-

lence, for she was too terrified to scream.

The elephant then moved faster and

almost tried to run. When he caught

the tree he picked up the child very gently

and held it high in the air.

The lady tried to run forward and free

the child, but all of a sudden she heard

these growling and roaring. She looked

and saw that beneath the elephant's feet

was a huge lion, squirming and howling

to get away.

The lady then realized that the ele-

phant had not meant to harm the child,

but to save it from the ugly jaws of the

lion, who was just going to pounce upon

the child when the elephant stepped upon

him.

ADRIAN TRACY, Age 11.

Norwich.

The Autobiography of a Pig.

I am a pig. My colors are red, white

and blue. After I was made in the fac-

tory I was put in a huge box with many

of my companions. We were soon on a

train and were riding for hours, until

I thought we would never stop riding. But

the next day we found ourselves in a city

called New London. Here we were sold

to a man. When he saw me he looked at

me and said: "Look at the beautiful

pig! Its colors are red, white and

blue. It is an American pig."

He put me in the window, and every-

body that went by looked at me. I was

and others.

The exercises ended with the singing

of "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

I think we all had a good time and

hope that all the Wide-Awakes had a

good time also, in their pilgrim ex-

cursions as I had.

Your little friend,

ANTONETTA PERRONE, Age 12.

Norwich.

Playing in the Snow.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day after it had

snowed my brother and I took our sleds

and went over to the barn lot. I rolled

quite big snowballs while my brother

stamped a path in the snow. I rolled the

snowballs over to the path; my brother

also stamped them down hard. After

while I got tired. I had just rolled a big

snowball, so I got on it, but it did not

break so I jumped up as soon as I was

off of it. I broke and I went on the

ground.

Next day I went walking in the path. It

was quite icy, having frozen in the night.

Later on the sun came out from behind

the clouds and melted a good deal of the

snow. Then I put my sled away because

the snow was getting soft. I rolled one

big snowball that was smaller than the

big, which I put on top of it. Then I

made the head, which I put on the sec-

ond snowball. Then I got some bark from

the woodpile, with which I made the eyes,

nose and mouth. Then I got a hat for

it and it was finished. Can you guess

what it was?

ALICE EVELYN BROWN, Age 10.

Eastville.

The Night Before Christmas.

Dear Uncle Jed: Christmas is coming!

Christmas is coming! Tonight is the

time to hang up our stockings.

Such fun as there was hanging up the

stockings by the chimney!

Bobby wanted the big black stocking,

and Lucy wanted the white one, because

it would hold a doll and a gold ring.

I shall hang my stocking right by the

chimney, where Santa Claus will see it

first," said Kitty.

Then the children were all to bed. Santa

Claus never comes until all are snug in

bed.

Jingle! Jingle! Jingle! It sounded like

slight bells. Who do you think it was?

It was St. Nicholas with his eight tiny

reindeer.

"Whoa, Dancer! Whoa, Dancer! We

must stop here! All the stockings!" I

heard him say.

His merry eyes twinkled when he saw

all the stockings hanging by the chimney.

"Dear me!" how many children are

there in this house!" he said. "I'll put

gold ring in this one. Bobby shall have

a nice red one, and Lucy a beautiful

white one. How they will laugh when

they see all these stockings full to the

top!"

He jumped into his sleigh and shouted

"Now, Dancer! Now, Dancer! Go, go,

go!"

And as he went out of sight I heard

him say "Happy Christmas to all, and to

all a good night!"

ALMIRA BERNIER, Age 12.

Danielson.

William Penn.

Dear Uncle Jed: William Penn was a

man of wealth and education. His father,

Admiral Penn, was a great friend of

King Charles II. William wanted to make

a settlement in America for the Quakers,

who were badly treated in England. King

Charles owed William's father a sum of

\$10,000. William thought it a good plan

to get land instead of money. King

Charles was glad to grant the land be-

cause he was always short of money. The

king granted the land west of the Dela-

ware river and called it Pennsylvania in

honor of his friend, Admiral Penn.

William Penn came to America in 1682.

The first year he laid out the city of

Philadelphia between the Delaware and

Schuylkill rivers. Under the spreading

branches of an elm tree he made a treaty

with the Indians that lasted 60 years.

Pennsylvania grew very fast in popu-

lation. Many kinds of people came here.

William Penn's "holy experiment" proved

to be successful.

ALICE CECILIA ANDERSON, Age 12.

Norwich.

The Three Wise Men.

Dear Uncle Jed: Some time after the

birth of Christ there came into Jeru-

salem three eastern kings asking where

they could find the new born King of the

Jews, for they had seen His star

in the east and were come to adore

Him. When Herod the king heard this

he was very much troubled as he was

also at Jerusalem. He called together all

the chief priests and doctors of the law

and asked them where the child could be

found. They told him that they could find

the New Born King of